

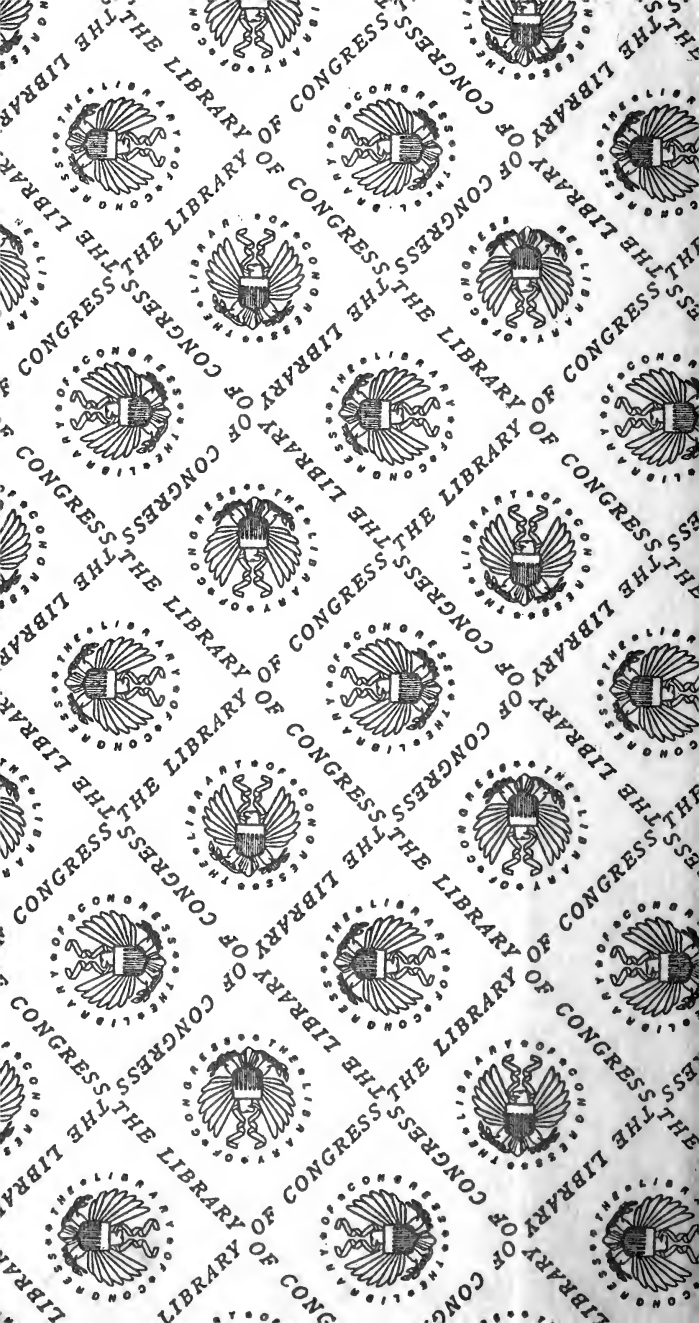
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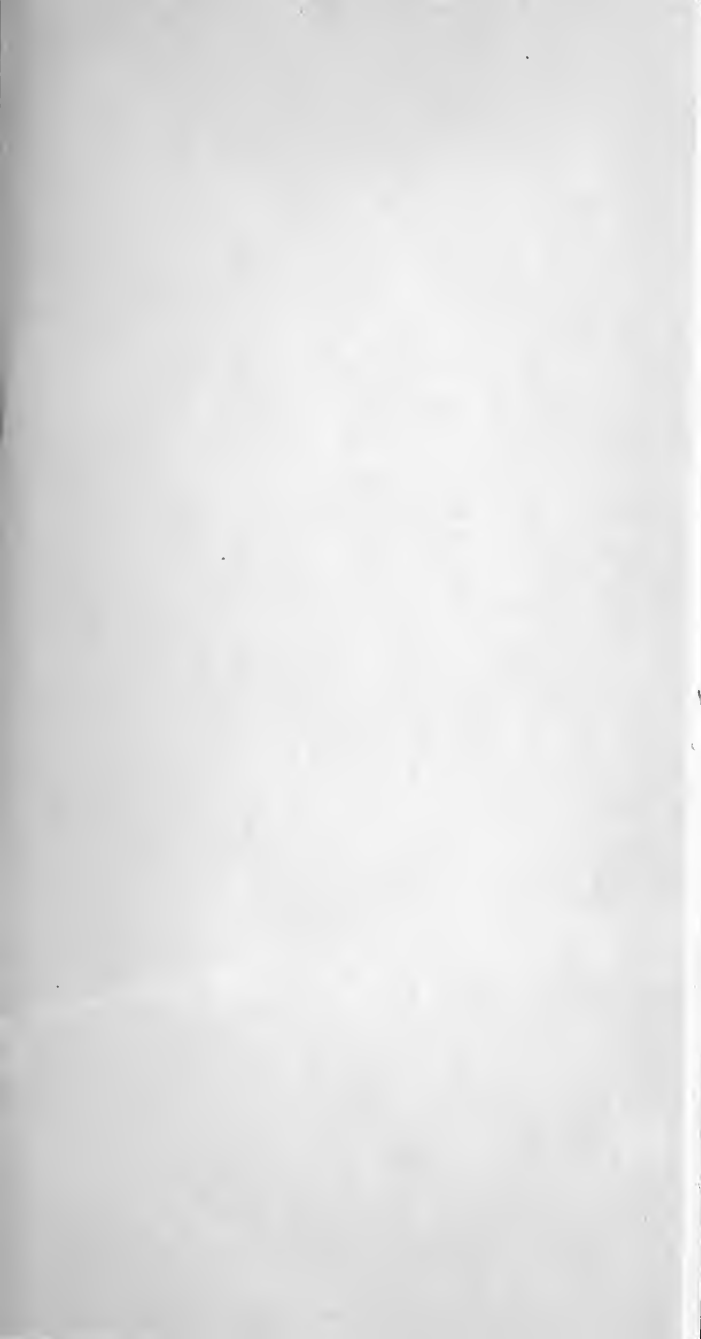


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Quight Purdge

Home-Made Verse

Dwight Burdge

FOREWORD BY
MERLE ST. CROIX WRIGHT, D. D.



BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

1913

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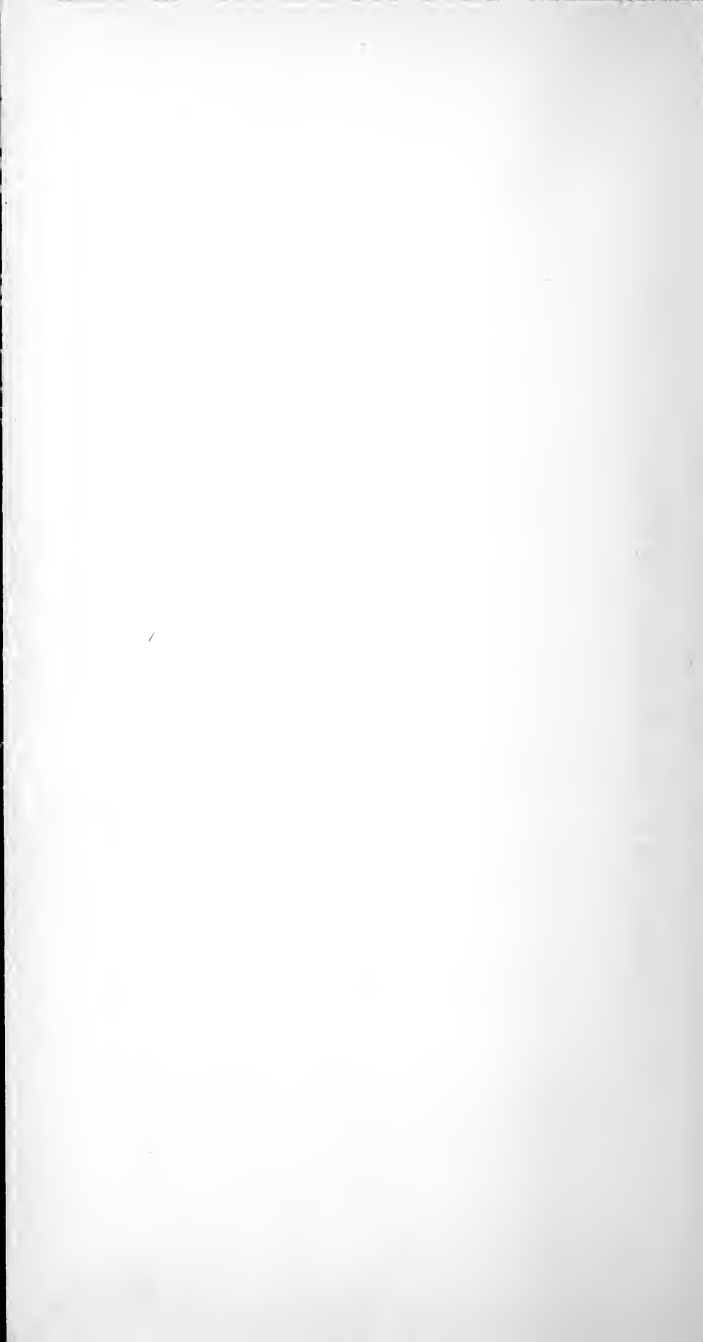
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FOREWORD



FOREWORD

The poems that follow were written in the last five years of the author's life, facing the prospect of a certain death, under the handicap of total blindness. They were the safeguard and the relaxation of a mind accustomed to activity, and the improvement of its final opportunity for service. As such they are in need of no apology, but with this explanation, may be more sympathetically received and understood. The fruit of talent, untechnical in form, but clever in conception and construction, they are most versatile in inspiration. Always clear, the thought and feeling are often very fine, the translation of a sane attitude towards life.

In humor and geniality, also, they show distinct success. Manifestly, we find here an efficient nature, original, courageous, capable of communicating the emotions it has experienced. Friends will be delighted with this memorial of brave accomplishment, and strangers must respect the breadth of sentiment, the ingenuity, and the just thought expressed.

While in no way claiming for

this little volume a permanent place in poetry, I feel confident that it will yield a genuine human joy and service to others, as it has to me.

Separation from the manuscript precludes quotation or mention of favorite titles, but I have read all the poems, and at least a dozen and a half of them, in part or in whole, are noteworthy, a good proportion in any poetic output.

I write this foreword in simple justice towards one not known to me, who, in life's heavy handicap, ran well, and showed true form in the defeat of death.

MERLE ST. CROIX WRIGHT,
Contrexville, France.

July, 1913

INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

The poems that make up this little volume were written by my husband as a diversion, without thought of publication. During the last five years of his life his eyesight began to fail him, the shadows finally deepening into total darkness. His career as an active business man had cut him off in greater part from the communion with Nature which had filled his earlier life, while it had deprived him of opportunity for meditation, which to him was a spiritual necessity. Now, however, shut out from the activities of his former life, he saw again the glory-tinted sunsets of his childhood and wondered; the soft twilights touched him again with their mystery; in spirit he perceived the mists that hung high up the mountain side; he knew again the ways of the wood, and trembled before the mighty roll of the waves. His reflections, too, took a more serious turn. Man, the nature of him and his destiny, his laughter and his tears, was also a never-ending subject of contemplation, while he had his gayer moods that enlivened his hours while they enriched his personality.

This life was bound of necessity to express itself, and this it did in the poems that follow, poems which gave voice to his conviction of the reality of man's inner life and of the things of the spirit, as expressed in this wish concerning his verses:

Perchance I may light up a soul
That gropes in darkness on its way;
My wave of thought may onward roll,
Despite the rocks that bar my
way.

My husband was born March 30, 1843, in Wayne, Steuben county, New York, on an eminence that commanded a scene of surpassing beauty, a landscape that embraced fertile fields, wooded valleys, winding streams, placid lakes, with the beautiful blue of the sky above.

Owing to the protracted illness of his father, he was forced out into the world and obliged to give up his preparation for college and learn the masons' and builders' trade of his father, later on becoming an expert mechanic. Thus from the very beginning his outward career was strangely at variance with the ideals which were his inner self.

In time he entered the field of life

insurance and came to be recognized as one of the prominent insurance men of New York City. His activities in this field, together with the attainment of the highest degree in Free Masonry, brought him into contact with all classes of people and made him unnumbered friendships.

My husband cared not for the beaten paths. His ways and words expressed themselves in striking originality that seemed as a splendid background for the expression of his sympathetic nature. For love dominated his whole life. "His love for humanity was his God."

He passed out of this life in the Holy Week (April 17) of 1905 at Brooklyn, where he had spent the greater part of his days.

In choosing the poems which make up this volume, I have endeavored to select those which represent my husband's varied moods, from the philosophic and the abstract to the playful and human, and it is my hope, as it would have been his, that they may impart to the reader the same courage that the thoughts and emotions expressed therein inspired in him.

E. F. S. BURDGE.

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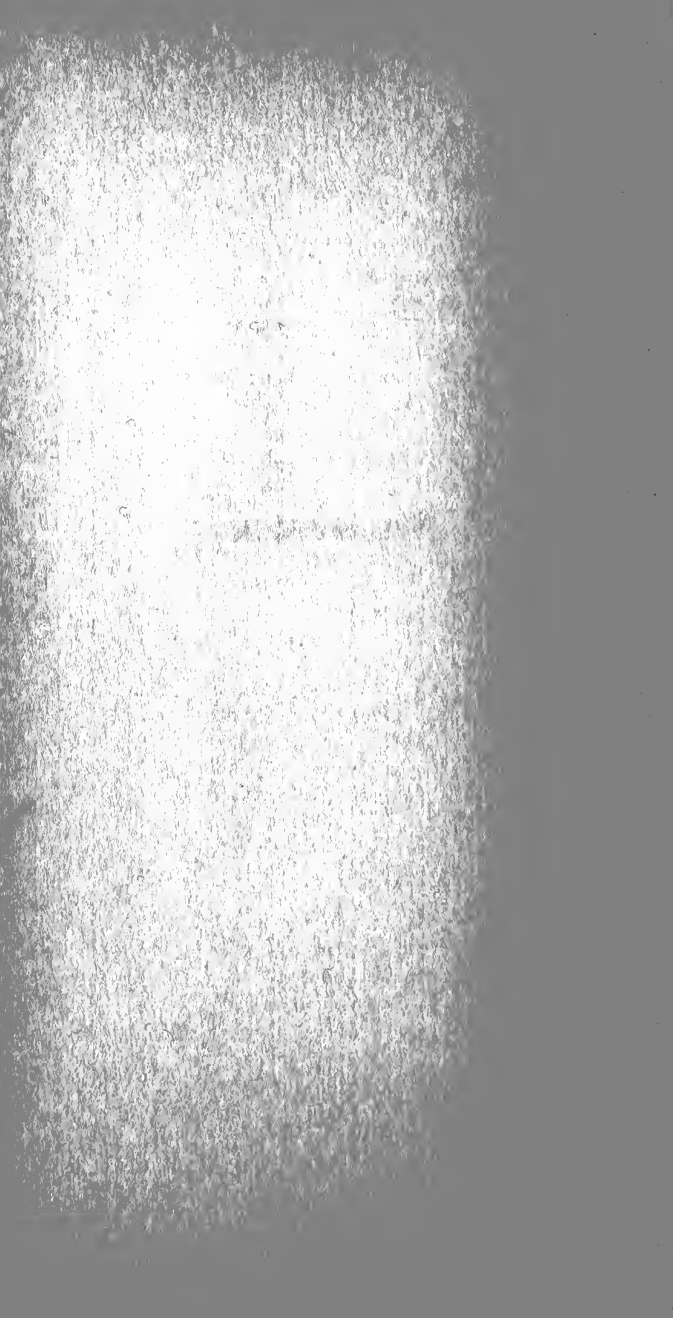
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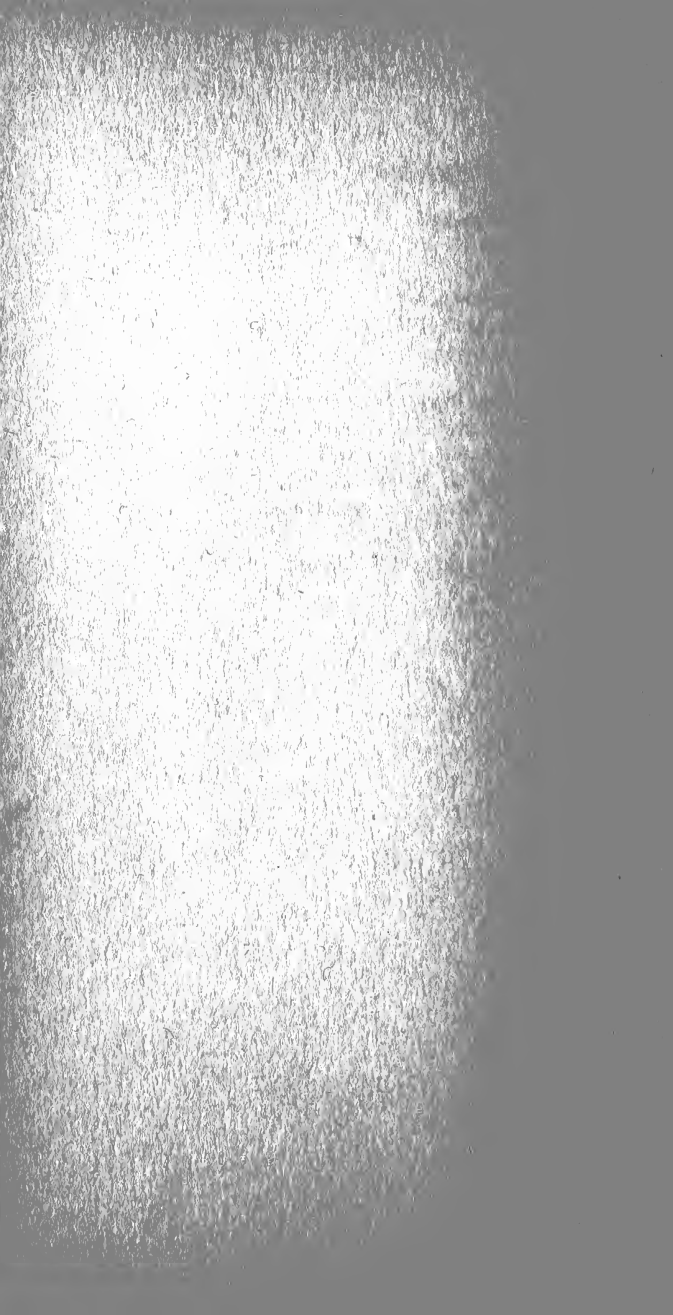
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PHILOSOPHICAL



ONE'S THOUGHTS

If one be not inspired
To cheer the heart that seldom
sings,
And soul too often tired,
One knows not why one writes
these things.

Yet ever comes to me the thought
That lifts me high my travail o'er:
To us, Love's lamp is brought,
All bright and beautiful before,
That we may lead the weak who
grobe
From darkness into light and hope.

VIBRATIONS

There is no tone launched from the
bell,
That all diverging doth not swell
Throughout the universe, a knell;
No raptured note in song,
Nor whisper aye that doth not wake
All stilly nature and o'ertake
On endless shores the waves that
break
From tempests loud along;
No human breath that doth not bear
Unto Omnipotence the prayer
For life immortal, from the heir
Dependent on God's grace.
And so through Spirit vibrates
Thought,
Divine Intelligence in-wrought,
Which order out of Chaos brought,
And lit the realms of Space.

GENESIS AND EVOLUTION

Hail to thee, queenly Sea, all hail!

Thy wondrous waves enshrine the
Earth—

When first they rose, kissed by the
Gale,

Thy quickened soul gave Neptune
birth;

Then died the Gale, from whose last
breath

Came gentle Winds—life out of
death!

Crowned by the Winds the new god
sate

On throne of foam in regal state;

And Naiads came, of gracious mood,

To serve their lord; then came the
Plan—

Embodiment of spirit, good,

Essence of All—evolving Man!

LIFE

What is this life?
Life is experience—nor more
Than much acquaintance, o'er and
o'er,
With love and strife!

STILLBORN

Naught of Creation ever dies!

In all the world there is no place
For aught that does not change, and
rise

All spirit-rapt, all in God's grace.
Each soul a bud is born, alone,

Alone to stand, nor prone to fall;
And though it go in breath unknown,

Its essence lives through ages all.
What though it fail to blossom here?

Its germ though of the living past,
Shall nurture find on other sphere,
And there its bloom and fruitage
cast.

And on, with joy, through space
and time—

The measure of eternity—
Throughout the universe, sublime—
Immortal still, beloved shall be.

PESSIMISM AND OPTIMISM

Where now I seem a dream — may be
I soon shall be a memory;
 Unhappily and finally
 No thought of me!

Yet, dreaming of myself I see
Emancipation — Liberty
 And happily, and finally,
 I shall be free.

DOUBT

The hardest link of life all know
Is that we grope in here,
The while we tread this earth and go
Confused in hope and fear—
It is the doubt that wears us out—
And kills us here!

ISHMAEL'S LAMENT

If I am not the child of sin,
I am a waif adrift by fate;
Else why this desert-thirst within,
And hungering with the pang of
hate?
All waterless, the waste before
With scorch of sun seems me to
scorn,
'Mid cactus thorns that wound me
sore;
Why husks for me, for others
corn?
None meet me e'er but to reprove,
And aim at me the scourging rod,
Nor love — save mine own mother's
love —
O Abraham, thou man of God!

SAIL ON

Sail on, my soul, o'er life's great sea!
My heart thy frail though buoyant
bark,
'Mid worlds that star Immensity,
Nor Ararat yet for thy ark,
Sail on.

Sail on! God's beacon smiling o'er
Thy onward way, though winds
may wail,
All brightly beams through mists
before—
Fear not in darkness, nor in gale—
Sail on.

GOD'S ACRE

No grave-yard sod
O'er lifeless clod
Of them "Beloved" and "Now With
God"

Is dear to me;
But where they dwelt and justly trod
With velvet foot or iron shod,
Spots sacred be!

Nor storied stone,
Erect or prone,
Can be their monument alone
Of lasting praise;
But deeds of love and mercy shown:
Those who forgive and who condone
Shall live always.

Why sorrow round
The soul-less mound
Or mausoleum, ivy-bound,
Above the pall,
Where Silence seals the lips of Sound?
The whole earth is Man's burial
ground—
God's Acre all!

The kindred earth,
Where Death and Birth
Linked hands enmesh in all its girth,
This orb mundane,
Where Life is Love, nor Death is
dearth
But constant Change unwombing
Worth—
Man, born again!

THE DEAD ACTOR

Death is the ever shifting scene
In Life, the drama ever on;
The curtain drops the acts between;
Exit the Actor, the audience gone,
The while it turns its back, and lo!
Because it does not see him yet,
Retires in silence, row on row,
Mayhap to mourn, perchance
forget!

He played his part, nor mimics more!
His time was come, his turn to go,
Nor hence but here, the lights before,
In Nature's cast himself to show.

Ay, Life is a continuous play!
The universe a boundless stage;
The audience changing every day,
Both old and young, where Youth
and Age
Take parts, while seeing others make
Their entrances and exits, all,
In rôle to laugh, in turn to quake—
A comedy with tragic fall!

AN EPITAPH

Mayhap some little flower will grow
Above my desert clod,
Serenely sepultured below
This consecrated sod,
And if such flower perchance you see,
Accept it as a gift from me.

Take it, or leave it, as a sign
That still I live, a soul,
And that no grave could me confine,
No fate my ghost control:
For I was born with spirit-breath
To live alway—to rise o'er Death.

A FUNERAL ADDRESS

Why shed the tear

Beside the bier

That bears this broken clay?

Why mourn him dead

Whose breath hath sped,

Who hath not gone astray?

Do all not know

That none can go

Hence from this mundane sphere?

Nor hence the soul

To reach its goal

Of heaven when heaven is here?

This earthly frame

Is but the name

Of Him in whom we move—

The part that lives

Of God, who gives

Nor takes away His love.

Man's birth, in breath

And walk and death,

Is set for mortal eye,

Yet may we see

Love's mystery,

Of Life, before we die,

As all, perforce

Must die, in course

Of Nature's perfect plan,

And sequent be

Divinity—

God, in the perfect Man.

A LOG

First entry on Ambition's log:

"Sailed out into a boundless fog,
With Faith for compass, Hope for
chart,
My crew my hands, my mate my
heart."

Last words that blot the final page:

"My cruise is o'er from youth to age;
Would I have braved it had I thought
What cost me all, might bring me
naught?"

WANTS ARE NOT NEEDS

Sleep on thy wants; they are not
needs

That rise through nature, craving,
But wishes vain that Fancy breeds,
Their loss thy gain and saving!

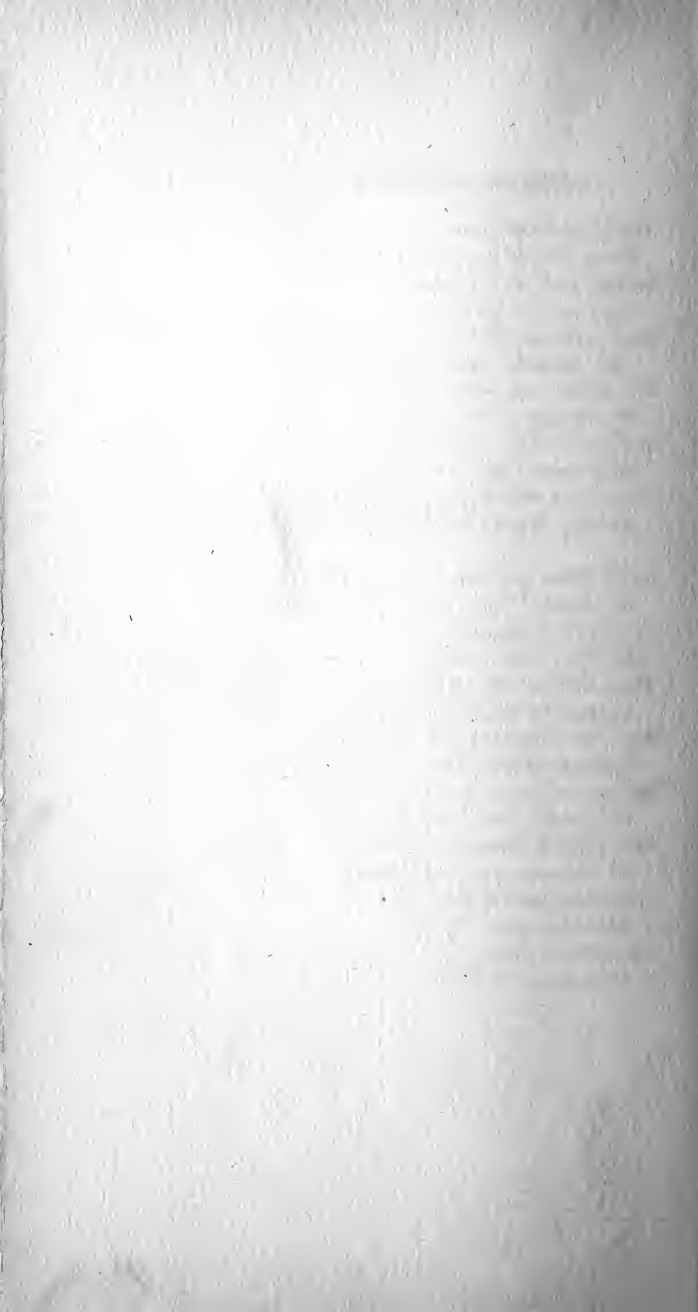
Wants are ephemeral, and die
From scorn and inattention;
But needs necessities imply
That brook no contravention.

Sleep on thy wants, ne'er more alive
Than when thy needs debating;
Wants will expire where needs survive
The test supreme — thy waiting.

LOOK UP

Look up! The sky is bright,
Despite the clouds, and glad;
The day succeeds the night;
Why thou, the while, so sad?
Tears are of life the showers;
No clouds, no tears to fall,
Nor watered soul — no flowers;
Nor aught, with sunshine all!

HUMANITARIAN



HYMN OF HUMANITY

God of the Universe,
Were Death not Life for aye
To me, how dire a curse,
Created but to die!
On this terrestrial ball,
The seasons illustrate
The birth and death of all
In Nature, Thy estate;
Birth is of Life the flower,
And Death the perfect fruit;
Both branching from one power,
Each springing from one root.

From Thee all things have grown;
Of them Thou art the heart;
In Thee I trust, alone,
Of Thee I am a part;
Thou mad'st me what I am
In human frame, and soul;
Nor me Thou can'st not damn —
Creator of the Whole!
My reason is my guide
In what I dare and do,
The while I breast the tide
Of changes, passing through;
I nothing have to fear,
Believing that, for me,
Eternity is Here,
And Immortality.

Here in Thy royal sway,
While I before Thee bow,
Each day the Judgment Day,
My retribution, now.
Of other world of bliss,
Of other realm of woe,
Save what is still of this,
Am I somewhere to know?

WICKEDNESS OF WAR

What shame that nations draw their
blades

Across each other's throats!

What shame that freemen shun
their spades

To man the murder boats

That gore the bosom of the sea,

In thy dear name, O Liberty!

What crime to launch the floating
forts,

Crypts fit for cowards fell,

Who, sneaking, peer from hooded
ports

To speed the deadly shell,

And, with Satanic art deploy,

That they the more may more
destroy.

What blasphemy to pray for God

To curse a brother's cause:

What mockery to blood the clod

Whose crust pale Hunger gnaws!

What sacrilege for orphans made

To order by the murder-trade!

Cry "On!" ye demagogues from hell,
Ye hawks that beak the dove;
And smile, ye hypocrites who tell
Of Jesus and his Love.
Gloat o'er your gory heaps of slain,
Ye unregenerated Sons of Cain!

Disciples of the Prince of Peace,
How long, and yet how long,
Ere war, unholy war, shall cease,
Ere Right shall vanquish Wrong?
When shall the Master's will be done
And victory over war be won?

LOVE

THE HIDDEN DART

Warm from Love's quiver in thy
heart,

I felt a tiny, rosy dart

That, diamond-pointed, nearer drew

And pierced my soul with thrill anew.

I did not see that dart, that star

Of Hesper's gleam, for brighter far

Beamed th' effulgence of thine eyes

As mine they met with sweet sur-
prise,

And lit thy bosom veiled aglow

In graceful curve — blind Cupid's
bow

Whence to my breast had sped his
lance —

Of love — O Heart, with dart and
glance!

THE LOVE SONG OF A SPRITE

Than lisp of lilies that rejoice
In whispered love their own,
More gently breathed her dulcet voice
So sweet in wooing tone —
A rhythmic flow o'er tinkling bars
That on my senses rang,
And flashed like chant of twinkling
stars
When they together sang!

TO ———

O would that I could render
The homage I would pay,
In language yet more tender,
O Heart, than I essay;
But words me fail to measure
My gratitude of heart,
To thee, my Dear, my Treasure,
I would, in love, impart —
Not love of swain all sighing
In sentimental rhyme,
But love in twain, undying,
In poesy sublime.

**"WHEN THIS YOU SEE,
REMEMBER ME!"**

My Dear, my Love, my Sweet, my
Own,
How many years o'er us have flown
Since first we met?
I love thee yet!
Ah "weel I ken" those soft, brown
eyes
That looked on me with coy sur-
prise —
I'll ne'er forget,—
I love them yet!
Thy winsome smile 'round rosy
cheek,
Where blushes played at "hide-and-
seek,"
I still enjoy
Without alloy.

INCENSE

I look into thine eyes

And see my soul reflected there —

Its clear and clouded skies

In trust and truth beyond compare.

For thou art part of me,

That goodly part to which I turn,

And where my heart I see

All mirrored, on Love's altar burn.

THINE ADMIRING HAND

The touch of thine admiring hand
Enthralls my soul with sweet
 desire;
So trustful at thy soul's command,
 I melt the while in holy fire —
Thy kiss bestowed with loving zeal
 In spirit welds our hearts as one;
Nor rapture carnal this I feel,
 But souls in blissful unison.

HOPE'S PROMISE

Precious! Call me, shouldst thou
lose me

When dark shadows round thee
fall,

When depressions dire distress thee,
Or if Doubt doth thee enthrall;

When thou needest inspiration,
When thou cravest inward light,
Or hath want of consolation;

And, like Day that comes to
Night,

I will come to thy assistance,
Where in darkness thou doth
grope,

With my light, until in Distance

Fear shall vanish, — I am Hope!

Mine the star to Faith transcendant,
Steadfast in yon Polar glim —

Thine shall be, nor less resplendent,
Thine, dear soul, Hope never dim.

LOVE AND THE LION

What is the Lion in our frame,
That Love fain would subdue?
The untamed torrent and the flame
That from the heart rage through?
Can him Love bind with silken
skein —
The milder power span, —
And rein him while she strokes the
mane
Of Passion caged in Man?

LOVE

Love! What is love? Is it a flame,
Or Nature by another name?

A babe that my twin query heard
All smiling, uttered not a word!

"Say! What is love, my little Miss?"

Her answer was a hug and kiss.

"Coy maiden, blushing in thy bower,
Speak! What is love? Speak, pretty
flower!"

She answered from her floral cell:

"I know, but do not care to tell."

"Dear! What is love?" I asked my
wife.

"Love?" echoed she. "Why! love
is life —

Love is the boundless universe,

Where, save for love, life were a
curse."

I asked a mother, ripe with age:

"Pray, what is love? Read me its
page

In thy sealed book, prized more than
gold!"

"'Twould be 'the old, old story' told
Anew," said she; "its charm thy
form

With all a soul's affections warm."

O Love! Thou art no fitful flame,
But Nature by another name.

CHILDHOOD



AN EPIGRAM

Sweet babe, soul-blossom at thy birth
Transplanted from fields of heaven,
To grow 'mid weeds of sin on earth,
And damned, if sullied, unforgiven:
What didst thou there that sent
thee here,

When thou wast blossoming above,
Where joy knows not the bitter tear?
Why staid thou not where all is
love?

Thou couldst not stay thy coming?—
No?

Immortal child of human heart,
Nor wished to stay when called to go:
O seed divine, God's counterpart!

TO BABY NORMA

Bright bud, in white and pink and
blue,

Sweet amaranth, in flossy snow!

Whose eyes the sky hath lent its hue,

Whose cheeks are dashed with
morning's glow,

So dainty is thy lovely form —

Methinks thou didst not spring
from clay,

But, Heaven-born, came with the
charm

Of Paradise, to stay alway!

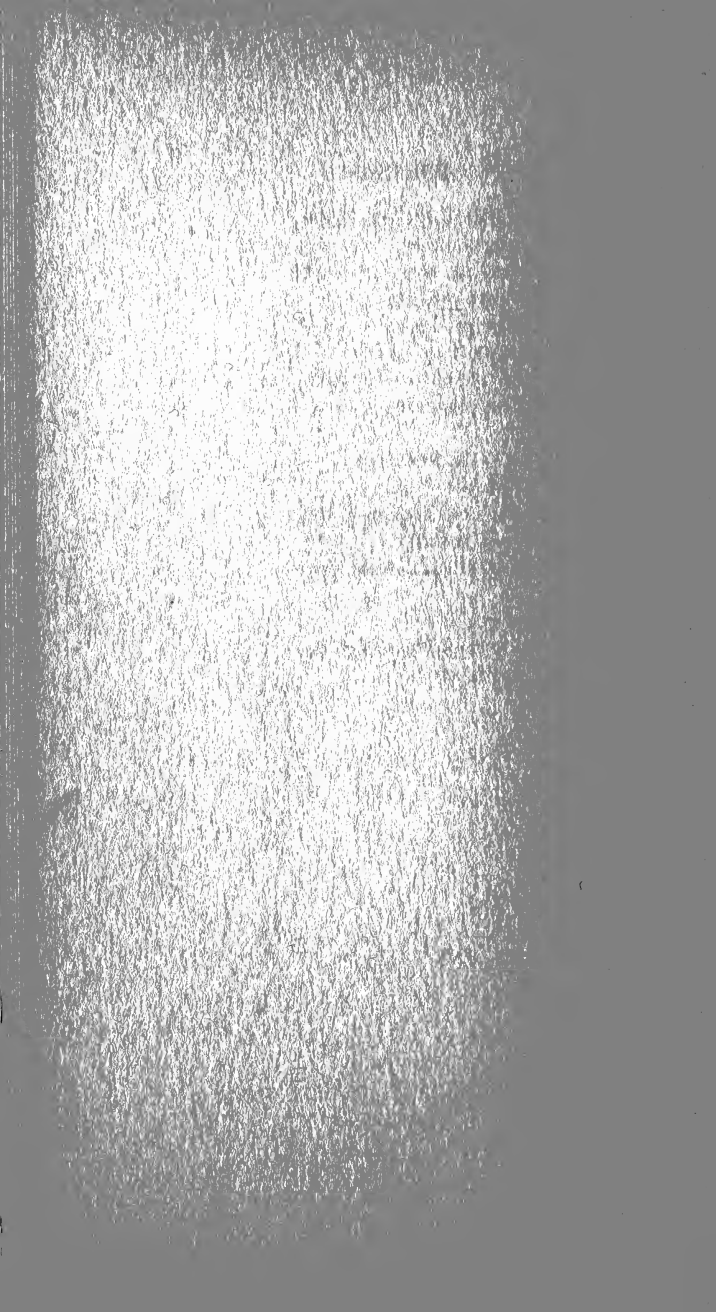
THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN

In revery I was thinking,
Thinking of the days of yore,
When a baby, winking, blinking,
Crept up to me on the floor,
And uprising,
Me surprising,
"Daddy" said, and nothing more.

"Daddy? I am not your daddy!"
Answered I in puzzled thought;
Baby echoed, "I'm your daddy,
"Though I'm but a tiny tot,
"Wordsworth said so
"And it is so.
"Think you so, or think you not."



HUMOROUS



A COUNTRY COURTSHIP

The moon was like a locket bright
And as it gayly swung,
Resplendent from the neck of Night
The jeweled stars among,
Two lovers, sitting on a rail —
A fence whereon they clung
Together like a close reef'd sail —
Talked in an unknown tongue.

He was the Count de Stutterer,
She, lisping Widow Prim;
He'd set his heart on catching her,
She'd set her cap for him;
And much they said, and long they
sat,
The eagle and the dove,
When broke the rail and both fell flat
And so they fell in love!

THE RIVALS

Diana through the heavens wheeled,
Her lovers were the stars,
Her bow the crescent from her shield,
Her darts the shining bars;
And with her chariot of light,
Her garb a jealous frown,
This blonde pursued her rival Night,
The coy brunette in gown.

TO AN OLD MAID

O yearning soul and hungry heart,
There is somewhere in this wide
sphere
Thy complement — thine own part
Which, though it seems not with
thee here,
Doth turn to thee, lone, like thou
art —
True as to pole the compass' dart.

Afloat on Life's tempestuous sea,
Launched like thou wast to cruise
alone,
There is a barque in search for thee
That thou canst fondly claim
thine own,
When lo, the port of both shall be
The haven of Felicity!

GIRLS OF MY BOYHOOD

'Tis half a century since when
I first began to know
And love the country maidens then
In girlhood's carnate glow;
Those blithesome belles of town and
farm
Each lass a budding queen,
Each natural in her grace and charm,
Nor artificial mien.

Ah yes! 'tis fifty years, and yet
Naught is to me more sweet
Than memory of the girls I met;
And, when we hap to meet,
I see the same dear girlish ways,
And gladsome eyes . . . and tears,
And feel the love of boyhood-blaze,
O'er half a hundred years!

THE SLEIGH-RIDE

Single, single;
Jingle, jingle;
Mingle, mingle;
Tingle, tingle!

DOLLARS AND SENSE

Ten get their living by their wits
Where one through learning
thrives;

But they who have the rare tidbits,
Get fortunes with their wives;

To benedicts the luck thus brought
Is not in pounds and pence;

True fortunes got with wives are not
In dollars, but in sense.

HEARTBURN

I sigh not for society —
It does not satisfy;
Nor do I crave variety
My taste to gratify;
I long for contrariety —
To eat with due propriety,
And all impunity
Of onions to satiety
Nor feel of sore anxiety
Save for immunity!

NATURE

THE THREE BIRCHES

Deep in the shadows of the wood,
All on the mountain side,
Three leaning silvered birches stood
To guard the while and hide —
Not treasure-trove,
But sleeping Love.

MAY-DAY MORN

Apple blossoms pink and white,
 Bedeck the orchard rows along,
Where mating birds wake morning
 light
 With rhapsody of springtide song;
While bursting buds the while
 perfume
 The breezes bland that o'er them
 pass,
And pearly petals, dropt from bloom,
 All starred with dewdrops, gem
 the grass;
The chanticleer with clarion throat,
 The quacking duck and peacock
 gay,
And turkey vain with gobbling note,
 Chime with the welkin rounde-
 lay,
And clatter-clink of hoof and horn
 On pebbly path to stream and
 lea —
All nature greets the May-day morn,
 The Springtide joy, Love's jubilee.

THE MARINER'S OBSERVATION

There is a stillness fills the air,
A silence so severe
I feel a storm is brewing there
Where sky yet seems so clear.
But if what seems is truly so
Why care for what I feel,
Of storms that brew? Why go below
While yet on even keel?
Our bark is staunch, with rudder
true,—
And yet we'll reef the sail:
Though storms ne'er break the while
they brew,
We'll be ready for a gale!

TEMPEST-WRECKED

I.

See yon black billows grasp the clouds
And drag them o'er the venge-
ful sea,
With groaning hulks and shrieking
shrouds,
While wolf-like lurks the snarl-
ing lee!

II.

Gaunt, ghastly crows in gruesome
flight
Caw o'er the flotsam of the
wrecks —
The shredded sails, the corpses white,
The splinter'd spars, the stranded
decks.

THE WHIPPOORWILL

Hark! The whippoorwill is calling
Plaintively in tuneless trill;
Lo! the sunset shades are falling,
Curtaining the tinkling rill,
Hanging from the aspens sighing
Ominously of their woes,
Ambient where the night-hawks,
flying,
Stir the songbirds from repose.

Night comes on with starlight
teeming,
Mantling mountain, vale and
lake,
Splendent in the moonbeams stream-
ing—
Jeweled where the ripples break!
Comes, in all her glory shining,
The expectant bride of Day;
Yet the whippoorwill, repining,
Somers all with saddened lay.

THE EGG OF THE MOCKING BIRD

A chrysalid, with plumage pent,
To burst in broidered feathering;
A bud of soulful sentiment
To bloom in rapture on the wing!
Thy throatings are a mellow flute,
And piping airs, and liquid trills;
Their echoes wake the woodlands
mute,
And hush the murmur of the rills.

THE DRUMMING PARTRIDGE

Here shall no more the partridge
come —

Yet, hark! Methinks I hear him
drum

His trysting taps in sylvan shade,
As is his wont for love's parade:
With bated breath, and poised wings
Vibrating, as he deftly brings
Them to his breast, first clapping
slow,

In low crescendo strokes that grow
Louder the while and faster still,
Till with a rapt electric thrill,
The muffled echoes of his thrum
Resound in one sonorous hum.

Now, watch! Alert to foil surprise,
He stately stands with kindling eyes,
And silent waits in eager mood
The coming of his wary brood.

TO A FLEDGLING

Blind birdling, naked as the hand
That fonds thee, quivering in its
clasp,

An aspen in a zephyr bland,
Dost shrink as from a giant's
grasp?

I feel thy heart beat wondrous strong
With life that throbs thy veins
along.

Ah! we are friends. Thou lift'st thy
head,

Thy hornless beak gapes with a
smile

As if expecting to be fed.

Thou little beggar, mute the while,
Soon shall thy voice love's prompt-
ings feel

And revel in ecstatic strain.

Soon shall the filmy veils that seal
Thy ruby orbs be rent in twain.

With hesitating wings half raised
I see thee, perched upon thy nest,
Where the first beam of morn hath
blazed

A trail of light from crest to crest.
And up, far up, beyond the blue

Beyond the golden gates of dawn,
Like other friends I fondly knew,
In sunshine glimpsed, in shadow
gone.

THE THUNDER HEADS

Behold yon silvered thunder heads,
The big-wigs near the setting sun,
Where all serene the azure spreads
Far o'er the evening's golden run:
Yon fleece-capped mountains on the
march,
Yon monarchs with carnations
crowned,
Whose falchions leap from zone to
arch,
Whose lightnings flash with ne'er
a sound!

A SUMMER EVENING

The stilly evening draws apace
 With darkling train and mantling hood
That with their dreamy veilings
 grace
 The limnings of the hill and wood.
The stealthy shadows drowse the
 dale
 And drape the bars of gold and
 gray
Far down the stream that threads
 the vale
 Round which the twilight tintings
 play.

TWILIGHT

How sweet the summer evening's
close,
The stilly, restful twilight hour,
When peaceful Nature finds repose,
Lulled by a dreamy, witching
power
So all-impelling in its sway
That to its influence we yield,
Surrend'ring all at close of day,
With full desertion of the field.
We lay our cares and banners down
Like those who feel their work
is done —
That theirs tomorrow is the crown,
And theirs today the victory won.

SUNSET

The sunset glimmers on the stream,
And shimmers through the wood
Where shadows break the waning
beam

Of sunshine o'er the flood;
Bright clouds afloat in ambient blue
Are mirrored from on high
In placid pools of sable hue,
Neath grassy shores anigh.
And silently the sylvan eaves
In emerald and gray
Hang o'er the spell that Nature
weaves
And veil the gleaming day.

A SNOWFLAKE

O amaranth in feathered spray,
Thou wast a dewdrop, heaven-
distilled,
Now fallen from the milky way,
Art gemmed in filigree enchilled;
I greet thee with as great delight
As if thou wert a star of night.

THE HARVESTING

Night, lanterned o'er us, darked the
dome

That canopied the worlds below,
While at our feet the ocean foam
Disported with the ebb and flow,
And tossed in garlands on the lee,
The lily-blossoms of the sea.

"O Muse!" quoth I, "what see'st
thou

In yon grand vista of the west?"
The southern zephyrs fanned her
brow,

Moist with the kisses from the
crest
Of the inrolling moonlit wave,
What time she sweetly answer gave:

"I see yon hiltless sickle swing
The swaths of moonbeams leaning
low,

While gleaning waves the gavels
bring

O'er tiny hills with corn aglow —
The golden harvesting at last
Of bread upon the waters cast!

“These zephyrs from the sunny
clime

I ween o’er stubble-fields set forth
To filigree the girdling rime,

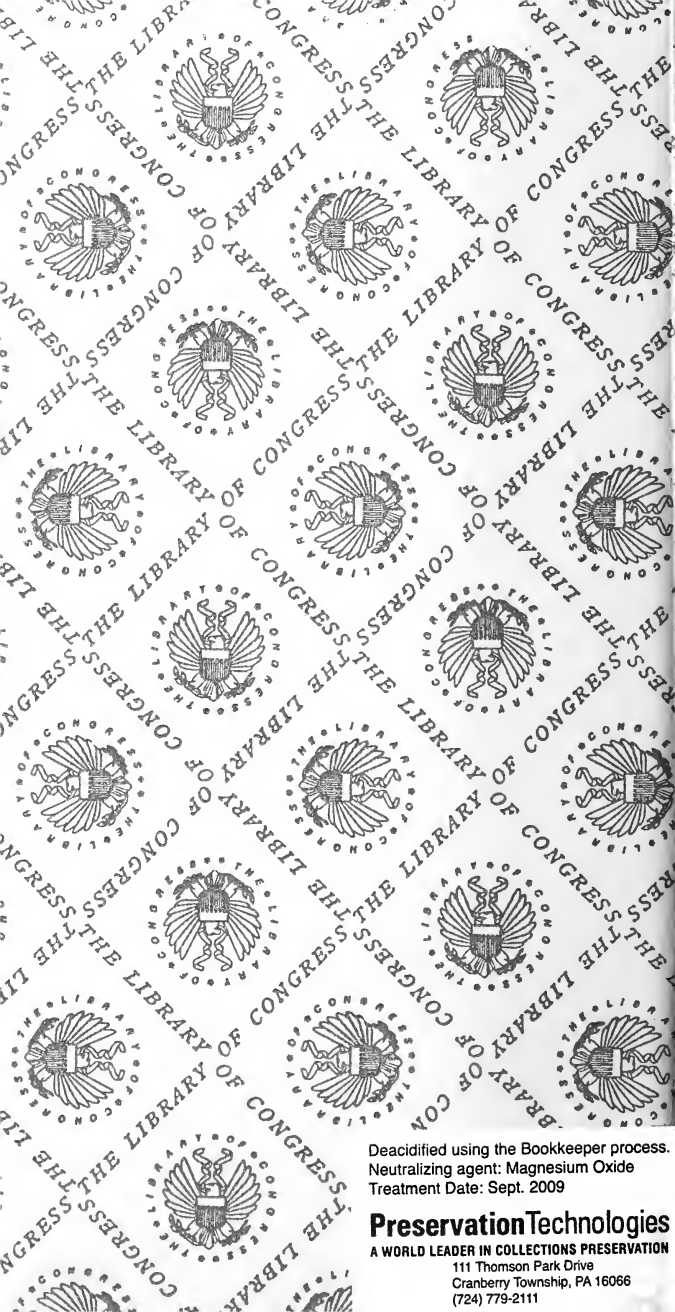
And meet the breezes of the north
That winnow on the crystal floe
Their harvestings of downy snow;

“And on to that Boreal land,
Whence Winter dark with chilly
breath

Soon must descend with icy hand
And sow broadcast the seeds of
death,

Whose harvest mortals dread to reap,
But yet is gleaned in windrows deep.”

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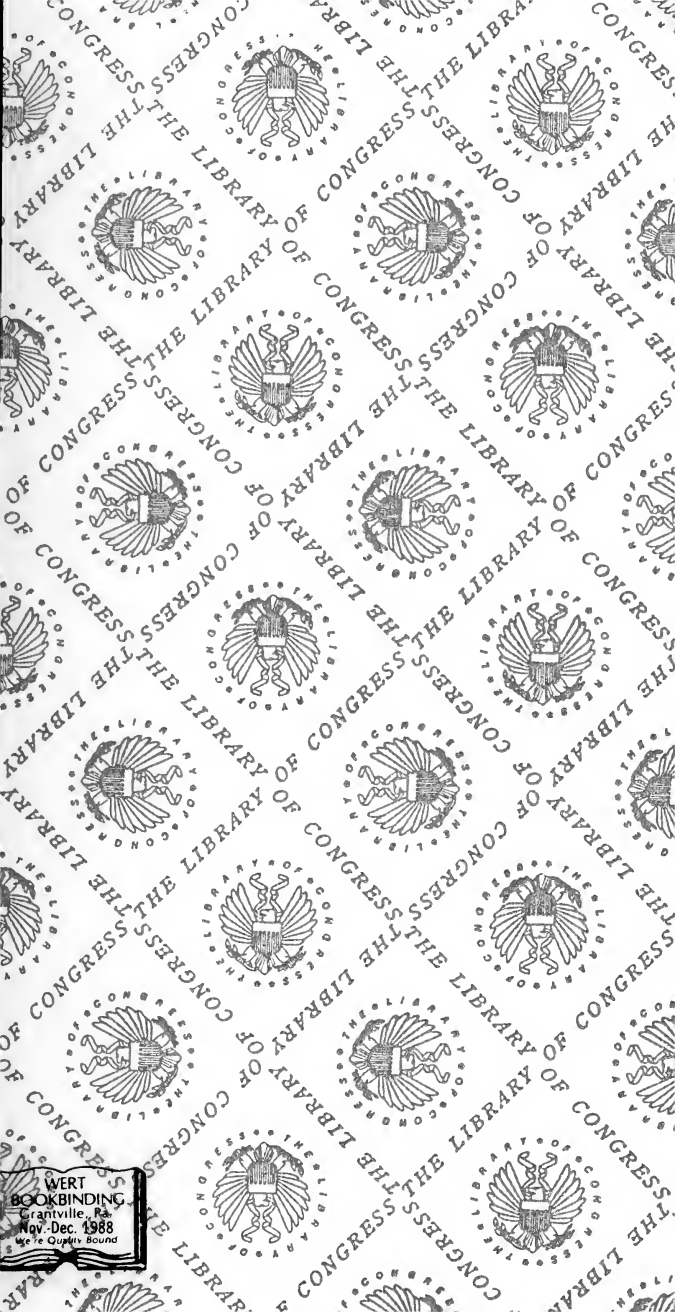


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